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LONDON:

OR, THE

PROGRESS

OF

COMMERCE.

A

POEM.

By Mr. GLOVER, Author of LEONIDAS.

The FOURTH EDITION.

DUBLIN:

Re-printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER,

MDCCXXXIX.

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Progreſs of Commerce.

YE northern blaſts, and 1 Eurus, wont to ſweep
With rudeſt pinions o'er the furrow'd waves,
A while ſuſpend your violence, and waft
From 2 ſandy Weſer, and the broad-mouth'd Elb
My freighted veſſels to the deſtin'd ſhore,
Safe o'er the unruffled main; let ev'ry thought,
Which may diſquiet and alarm my breaſt,
Be abſent now; that, diſpoſſeſs'd of care,
And free from ev'ry tumult of the mind,
With each diſturbing paſſion huſh'd to peace,
I may pour all my ſpirit on the theme,
Which opens now before me, and demands
The loftieſt ſtrain. The eagle, when he tow'rs

1 The eaſt wind.

2 Bremen is ſituated on the Weſer, and Hamburgh on the Elb.

Beyond the clouds, the fleecy robes of heav'n,
Diſdains all objects but the golden ſun,
Full on th' effulgent orb directs his eye,
And ſails exulting through the blaze of day:
So, while her wing attempts the boldeſt flight,
Selecting thee, unrival'd ſource of praiſe,
Bright ornament of Europe, Albion's pride,
Fair ſeat of wealth and freedom, thee my Muſe
Shall celebrate, O LONDON: thee ſhe hails,
Thou lov'd abode of Commerce, laſt retreat,
Whence ſhe contemplates with a tranquil mind
Her various wandrings from the fated hour,
That ſhe abandon'd her maternal clime;
Neptunian Commerce, whom Phœnice bore,
Illuſtrious nymph, that named the fertile plains,
Along the ſounding main extended far,
Which flow'ry Carmel with its ſweets perfumes,
And with its cedars Libanus o'erſhades:
Her from the bottom of the watry world,
As once ſhe ſtood, in radiant beauties grac'd,
To mark the heaving tide, the piercing eye
Of Neptune view'd enamour'd: from the deep
The god aſcending ruſhes to the beach,
And claſps th' affrighted virgin. From that day
Soon

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JUL 60

Soon as the paly regent of the night
Nine times her monthly progreſs had renew'd
Through heav'n's illumin'd vault, Phœnicé, led
By ſhame, once more the ſea-worn margin ſought,
There pac'd with painful ſteps the barren ſands,
A ſolitary mourner, and, the ſurge,
Which gently roll'd beſide her, now no more
With placid eyes beholding, thus exclaim'd.

Ye fragrant ſhrubs, and cedars' lofty ſhade,
Which crown my native hills, ye ſpreading palms,
That riſe majeſtic on theſe fruitful meads,
With you, who gave the loſt Phœnicé birth,
And you, who bear th' endearing name of friends,
Once faithful partners of my chaſter hours,
Farewel! To thee, prefidious God, I come,
Bent down with pain and anguiſh on thy ſands,
I come thy ſuppliant; death is all, I crave;
Bid thy devouring waves inwrap my head,
And to the bottom whelm my cares and ſhame!

She ceas'd, when ſudden from th' uncloſing deep
A cryſtal car emerg'd, with glitt'ring ſhells,
Call'd from their oozy beds by Tethys' train,

And

And bluſhing coral deck'd, whoſe ruddy glow
Mix'd with the watry luſtre of the pearl.
A ſmiling band of ſea-born nymphs attend,
Who from the ſhore with gentle hands convey
The fear-ſubdu'd Phœnicé, and a long
The lucid chariot place. As there with dread
All mute, and ſtruggling with her painful throes
She lay, the winds by Neptune's high command
Were ſilent round her; not a Zephyr dar'd
To wanton o'er the cedar's branching top,
Nor on the plain the ſtately palm was ſeen
To wave its graceful verdure; o'er the main
No undulation broke the ſmooth expanſe
But all was huſh'd and motionleſs around,
All but the lightly-ſliding car, impell'd
Along the level azure by the ſtrength
Of active Tritons, rivalling in ſpeed
The rapid meteor, whoſe ſulphureous train
Glides o'er the brow of darkneſs, and appears
The livid ruins of a falling ſtar.

Beneath the Lybian skies a bliſsful iſle,
By 3 Triton's floods encircled, Nyſa lay.
Here

3 Triton, a river and lake of ancient Lybia.

Here youthful Nature wanton'd in delights,
And here the guardians of the bounteous horn,
While it was now the infancy of time,
Nor yet th' uncultivated globe had learn'd
To ſmile, 4 Eucarpé, 5 Dapſiléa dwelt,
With all the nymphs, whoſe ſecret care had nurs'd
The eldeſt Bacchus. From the flow'ry ſhore
A turf-clad valley opens, and along
Its verdure mild the willing feet allures;
While on its ſloping ſides aſcends the pride
Of hoary groves, high-arching o'er the vale
With day-rejecting gloom. The ſolemn ſhade
Half round a ſpacious lawn at length expands,
6 Clos'd by a tow'ring cliff, whoſe forehead glows
With azure, purple, and ten thouſand dyes,
From its reſplendent fragments beaming round;
Nor leſs irradiate colours from beneath
On ev'ry ſide an ample grot reflects,
As down the perforated rock the ſun
Pours his meridian blaze; rever'd abode
Of Nyſa's nymphs, with ev'ry plant attir'd,
That wears undying green, refreſh'd with rills

From

4 Fruitfulneſs. 5 Plenty.

6 This whole deſcription of the rock and grotto is taken from Diod. Siculus, lib. 3. pag. 202.

From ever-living fountains, and enrich'd
With all Pomona's bloom: unfading flow'rs
Glow on the mead, and ſpicy ſhrubs perfume
With inexhauſted ſweets the cooling gale,
Which breathes inceſſant there; while ev'ry bird
Of tuneful note his gay or plaintive ſong
Blends with the warble of meandring ſtreams,
Which o'er their pebbled channels murm'ring lave
The fruit-inveſted hills, that riſe around.
The gentle Nereids to this calm receſs
Phœnicé bear; nor Dapſiléa bland,
Nor good Eucarpé, ſtudious to obey
Great Neptune's will, their hoſpitable care
Refuſe; nor long Lucina is invok'd.
Soon as the wondrous infant ſprung to day,
Earth rock'd around; with all their nodding woods,
And ſtreams reverting to their troubled ſource,
The mountains ſhook; while Lybia's neighb'ring God,
Myſterious Ammon from his hollow cell
With deep-reſounding accent thus to heav'n,
To earth, and ſea the mighty birth proclaim'd.

A NEW-BORN pow'r behold! whom fate hath call'd
The Gods imperfect labour to complete,

This

This wide creation. She in lonely ſands
Shall bid the tow'r-encircled city riſe,
The barren ſea ſhall people, and the wilds
Of dreary nature ſhall with plenty cloath;
She ſhall enlighten man's unletter'd race,
And with endearing intercourſe unite
Remoteſt nations, ſcorch'd by ſultry ſuns,
Or freezing near the ſnow-encruſted pole:
Where'er the joyous vine diſdains to grow,
The fruitful olive, or the golden ear;
Her hand divine with interpoſing aid
To ev'ry climate ſhall the gifts ſupply
Of Ceres, Bacchus, and 7 th'Athenian maid:
The graces, joys, emoluments of life
From her exhauſtleſs bounty all ſhall flow.

The heav'nly prophet ceas'd. Olympus heard.
Streight from their ſtar-beſpangled thrones deſcend
On blooming Nyſa a celeſtial band
The ocean's lord to honour in his child;
When o'er his offspring ſmiling thus began
The trident-ruler. Commerce be thy name:

7 Minerva, the tutelary Goddeſs of the Athenians, to whom ſhe gave the olive.

To thee I give the empire of the main.
From where the morning breathes its eaſtern gale,
To th' undiſcover'd limits of the weſt,
From chilling Boreas to extremeſt South
Thy fire's obſequious billows ſhall extend
Thy univerſal reign. Minerva next
With wiſdom bleſs'd her, Mercury with art,
8 The Lemnian God with induſtry, and laſt
Majeſtic Phœbus, o'er the infant long
In contemplation pauſing, thus declar'd
From his enraptur'd lip his matchleſs boon.

THEE with divine invention I endow,
That ſecret wonder, goddeſs to diſcloſe,
By which the wiſe, the virtuous, and the brave,
The heav'n-taught poet, and exploring ſage
Shall paſs recorded to the verge of time.

Her years of childhood now were number'd o'er,
When to her mother's natal ſoil repair'd
The new divinity, whoſe parting ſtep
Her ſacred nurſes follow'd, ever now
To her alone inſeparably join'd;

Then

8 Vulcan, the tutelary deity of Lemnos.

Then firſt deſerting their Nyſeian Shore
To ſpread their hoarded bleſſings round the world;
Who with them bore the inexhauſted horn
Of ever-ſmiling plenty. Thus adorn'd,
Attended thus, great Goddeſs, thou beganſt
Thy all-enlivening progreſs o'er the globe
Then rude and joyleſs, deſtin'd to repair
The various ills, which earlieſt ages ru'd
From one, like thee, diſtinguiſh'd by the gifts
Of heav'n, Pandora, whoſe pernicious hand
From the dire vaſe releas'd th' impriſon'd woes.

Thou, gracious Commerce, from his cheerleſs cave
In horrid rocks, and ſolitary woods,
The helpleſs wand'rer man forlorn and wild
Didſt charm to ſweet ſociety; didſt caſt
The deep foundations, where the future pride
Of mightieſt cities roſe; and o'er the main
Before the wondring Nereids didſt preſent
The ſurge-dividing keel, and ſtately maſt,
Whoſe canvaſs wings, diſtending with the gale,
The bold Phœnician through Alcides' ſtraits
To northern Albion's tin-embowel'd fields,
And oft beneath the ſea-obſcuring brow
Of cloud-envelop'd Teneriff convey'd.
Next in ſagacious thought th' ethereal plains

Thou

Thou trodſt, exploring each propitious ſtar
The danger-braving mariner to guide;
Then all the latent and myſterious pow'rs
Of number didſt unravel; laſt to crown
Thy bounties, Goddeſs, thy unrival'd toils
For man, ſtill urging thy inventive mind,
Thou gav'ſt him 9 letters; there imparting all,
Which lifts th' ennobled ſpirit near to heaven,
Laws, learning, wiſdom, nature's works reveal'd
By godlike ſages, all Minerva's arts,
Apollo's muſic, and th' eternal voice
Of Virtue, ſounding from th' hiſtoric roll,
The philoſophic page, and poet's ſong.

Now ſolitude and ſilence from the ſhores
Retreat on pathleſs mountains to reſide,
Barbarity is poliſh'd, infant arts
Bloom in the deſart, and benignant peace
With hoſpitality begin to ſooth
Unſocial rapine, and the thirſt of blood;

As,

9 Here the opinion of Sir Iſaac Newton is followed, that letters were firſt invented amongſt the trading parts of the world.

As, from his tumid urn when Nilus ſpreads
His genial tides abroad, the favour'd ſoil,
That joins his fruitful border, firſt imbibes
The kindly ſtream; anon the bounteous God
His waves extends, embracing Ægypt round,
Dwells on the teeming champain, and endows
The ſleeping grain with vigour to attire
In one bright harveſt all the Pharian plains:
Thus, when Pygmalion from Phœnician Tyre
Had baniſh'd freedom, with diſdainful ſteps
Indignant Commerce, turning from the walls,
Herſelf had rais'd, her welcome ſway enlarg'd
Among the nations, ſpreading round the globe
The fruits of all its climes; 10 Cecropian oil,
The Thracian vintage, and Panchaian gums,
Arabia's ſpices, and the golden grain,
Which Old Oſiris to his Ægypt gave,
And Ceres to 11 Sicania. Thou didſt raiſe
Th' Ionian name, O Commerce, thou the domes
Of ſumptuous Corinth, and the ample round
Of Syracuſe didſt people.—All the wealth
Now thou aſſembleſt from Iberia's mines,

And

10 Athenian. Athens was call'd Cecropia from Cecrops its firſt king.

11 Sicily.

And golden-channel'd Tagus, all the ſpoils
From fair 12 Trinacria waſted, all the pow'rs
Of conquer'd Afric's tributary realms
To fix thy empire on the Lybian verge,
Thy native tract; the nymphs of Nyſa hail
Thy glad return, and echoing joy reſounds
O'er Triton's ſacred waters, but in vain:
The irreverſible decrees of heav'n
To far more northern regions had ordain'd
Thy laſting ſeat; in vain th' imperial port
Receives the gather'd riches of the world;
In vain whole climates bow beneath its rule;
Behold the toil of centuries to Rome
Its glories yields, and mould'ring leaves no trace
Of its deep-rooted greatneſs: thou with tears
From thy extinguiſh'd Carthage didſt retire,
And theſe thy periſh'd honours long deplore.
What though rich 13 Gades, what though poliſh'd Rhodes,
With Alexandria, Ægypt's ſplendid mart,
The learn'd 14 Maſſylians, and 15 Ligurian tow'rs,
What

12 Another name of Sicily, which was frequently ravag'd by the Carthaginians. 13 Cadiz.
14 Marcilles, a Grecian colony, the moſt civiliz'd as well as the greateſt trading city of ancient Gaul.
15 Genoua.

What though the potent Hanſeatic league,
And Venice, miſtreſs of the Grecian iſles,
With all th' Ægean floods, awhile might ſooth
The ſad remembrance; what though, led through climes,
And ſeas unknown, with thee th' advent'rous ſons
Of 16 Tagus paſs'd the ſtormy cape, which braves
The huge Atlantic; what though Antwerp grew
Beneath thy ſmiles, and thou propitious there
Didſt ſhow'r thy bleſſings with unſparing hands:
Still on thy grief-indended heart impreſs'd
The great Amilcar's valour, ſtill the deeds
Of Aſdrubal and Mago, ſtill the loſs
Of thy unequal'd Annibal remain'd:
Till from the ſandy mouths of echoing Rhine,
And ſounding margin of the Scheld and Maeſe,
With ſudden roar the angry voice of war
Alarm'd thy languor, wonder turn'd thy eye,
Lo! in bright arms a bold militia ſtood,
Arrang'd for battle: from afar thou ſaw'ſt
The ſnowy ridge of Appennine, the fields
Of wide Calabria, and Pyrene's hills,
The Guadiana, and the Duro's banks,
And rapid Ebro gath'ring all their pow'rs

To

16 The Portugueſe diſcover'd the cape of Good Hope in 1487.

To cruſh this daring populace. The pride
Of fierceſt kings with more inflam'd revenge
Ne'er menac'd freedom; nor ſince dauntleſs Greece,
And Rome's ſtern offspring none hath e'er ſurpaſs'd
The bold 17 Batavian in his glorious toil
For liberty, or death. At once the thought
Of long-lamented Charthage flies thy breaſt,
And ardent, Goddeſs, thou doſt ſpeed to ſave
The gen'rous people. Not the vernal ſhow'rs,
Diſtilling copious from the morning clouds,
Deſcend more kindly on the tender flow'r,
New-born and op'ning on the lap of ſpring,
Than on this riſing ſtate thy cheering ſmile,
And animating preſence; while on Spain,
Prophetic thus, thy indignation broke.

Insatiate race! the ſhame of poliſh'd lands!
Diſgrace of Europe! for inhuman deeds
And inſolence renown'd! what demon led
Thee firſt to plough the undiſcover'd ſurge,
Which lav'd an hidden world? whoſe malice taught
Thee firſt to taint with rapine, and with rage,
With more than ſavage thirſt of blood the arts,
By me for gentleſt intercourſe ordain'd,

For

17 The Dutch.

For mutual aids, and hoſpitable ties
From ſhore to ſhore? Or, that pernicious hour,
Was Heav'n diſguſted with its wondrous works,
That to thy fell exterminating hand
Th' immenſe Peruvian empire it reſign'd,
And all, which lordly 18 Montezeuma ſway'd?
And com'ſt thou, ſtrengthen'd with the ſhining ſtores
Of that gold-teeming hemiſphere, to waſte
The ſmiling fields of Europe, and extend
Thy bloody ſhackles o'er theſe happy ſeats
Of liberty? Preſumptuous nation, learn,
From this dire period ſhall thy glories fade,
Thy ſlaughter'd youth ſhall fatten Belgium's ſands,
And Victory againſt her Albion's cliffs
Shall ſee the blood-empurpled ocean daſh
Thy weltring hoſts, and ſtain the chalky ſhore:
Ev'n thoſe, whom now thy impious pride would bind
In ſervile chains, hereafter ſhall ſupport
Thy weaken'd throne; when Heav'n's afflicting hand
Of all thy pow'r deſpoils thee, when alone
Of all, which e'er hath ſignaliz'd thy name,
Thy inſolence and cruelty remain.

Thus with her clouded viſage, wrapt in frowns,
The Goddeſs threaten'd, and the daring train

18 Montezeuma emperor of Mexico.

Of her untam'd militia, torn with wounds,
Deſpiſing fortune, from repeated foils
More fierce, and braving famine's keeneſt rage,
At length through deluges of blood ſhe led
To envied greatneſs; ev'n while clam'rous Mars
With loudeſt clangour bade his trumpet ſhake
The Belgian champain, ſhe their ſtandard rear'd
On tributary Java, and the ſhores
Of huge Borneo; thou, Sumatra, heard'ſt
Her naval thunder, Ceylon's trembling ſons
Their fragrant ſtores of cinnamon reſign'd
And odour-breathing Ternate and Tidore
Their ſpicy groves: and O whatever coaſt
The Belgians trace, where'er their pow'r is ſpread,
To hoary Zembla, or to Indian ſuns,
Still thither be extended thy renown,
O WILLIAM, pride of Orange, and ador'd
Thy virtues, with diſdaining life, or wealth,
Or empire, whether in thy dawn of youth,
Thy glorious noon of manhood, or the night,
19 The fatal night of death, no other care
Beſides the publick own'd: and dear to fame

Be

19 He was aſſaſſinated at Delf. His dying words were, Lord have mercy upon this people. See Grot. de Bell. Belg.

Be thou, harmonious 20 Douza; every muſe
Your laurel ſtrow around this hero's urn,
Whom fond Minerva grac'd with all her arts,
Alike in letters and in arms to ſhine,
A dauntleſs warriour, and a learned bard.
Him Spain's ſurrounding hoſt for ſlaughter mark'd,
With maſſacre yet reeking from the ſtreets
Of blood-ſtain'd Harlem; he on Leyden's tow'rs
With famine his companion, wan, ſubdu'd
In outward form, with patient virtue ſtood
Superior to deſpair; the heav'nly Nine
His ſuff'ring ſoul with great examples cheer'd
Of memorable bards, by Mars adorn'd
With wreaths of fame, 21 Oeagrus' tuneful ſon,
Who with melodious praiſe to nobleſt deeds
Charm'd the Iölchian heroes, and himſelf
Their danger ſhar'd, 22 Tyrtæus, who reviv'd
With animating verſe the Spartan hopes,

Brave

20 Janus Douza, a famous poet, and the moſt learned man of his time. He commanded in Leyden, when it was ſo obſtinately beſieged by the Spaniards in 1570. See Meurſii Athen. Bat.

21 Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who ſet ſail from Iöclos, a town in Theſſalia.

22 When the Spartans were greatly diſtreſſed in the Meſſenian war, they applied to the Athenians for a general, who ſent the poet Tyrtæus.

Brave 23 Eſchylus and 24 Sophocles, around
Whoſe ſacred brows the tragick ivy twin'd,
Mix'd with the warriour's laurel; all ſurpaſs'd
By Douza's valour; and the gen'rous toil,
His and his country's labours ſoon receiv'd
Their high reward, when fav'ring Commerce rais'd
Th' invincible Batavians, till, rever'd
Among the mightieſt, on the brighteſt roll
Of Fame they ſhone, by ſplendid wealth and pow'r
Grac'd and ſupported; thus a genial ſoil
Diffuſing vigour through the infant oak,
Affords it ſtrength to flouriſh, till at laſt
Its lofty head, in verdant honours clad,
It rears amidſt the proudeſt of the grove.

Yet here th' eternal Fates thy laſt retreat
Deny, a mightier nation they prepare
For thy reception, ſufferers alike
By th' unremitted inſolence of pow'r
From reign to reign, nor leſs than Belgium known
For bold contention oft on crimſon fields,

In

23 Æſchylus, one of the moſt ancient tragic poets, who ſignaliz'd himſelf in the battles of Marathon and Salamis.

24 Sophocles commanded his countrymen the Athenians in ſeveral expeditions.

In free-tongu'd ſenates oft with nervous laws
To circumſcribe, or conqu'ring to depoſe
Their ſceptred tyrants: Albion ſea-embrac'd,
The joy of Freedom, dread of treach'rous kings,
The deſtin'd miſtreſs of the ſubject main,
And arbitreſs of Europe, now demands
Thy preſence, Goddeſs. It was now the time
Ere yet perfidious Cromwel dar'd profane
The ſacred ſenate, and with impious feet
Tread on the pow'rs of magiſtrates and laws,
While ev'ry arm was chill'd with cold amaze,
Nor one in all that dauntleſs train was found
To pierce the ruffian's heart; and now thy name
Was heard in thunder through th' affrighted ſhores
Of pale Iberia, of ſubmiſſive Gaul,
And Tagus, trembling to his utmoſt ſource,
O ever faithful, vigilant, and brave,
Thou bold aſſerter of Britannia's fame,
Unconquerable BLAKE: propitious heav'n
At this great æra, and 25 the ſage decree
Of Albion's ſenate, perfecting at once,
What by 26 Eliza was ſo well begun,

So

25 The act of navigation.

26 Queen Elizabeth was the firſt of our princes, who gave any conſiderable encouragement to trade.

So deeply founded, to this favour'd ſhore
The Goddeſs drew, where grateful ſhe beſtow'd
Th' unbounded empire of her father's floods,
And choſe thee, London, for her chief abode,
Pleas'd with the ſilver Thames, its gentle ſtreams,
And ſmiling banks, its joy-diffuſing hills,
Which, clad with ſplendour and with beauty grac'd,
O'erlook his lucid boſom; pleas'd with thee,
Thou nurſe of arts, and thy induſtrious race;
Pleas'd with their candid manners, with their free
Sagacious converſe, to enquiry led,
And zeal for knowledge; hence the opening mind
Reſigns its errours and unſeals the eye
Of blind opinion; merit hence is heard
A midſt its bluſhes, dawning arts ariſe,
The gloomy clouds, which ignorance or fear
Spread o'er the paths of virtue, are diſpell'd,
Servility retires, and ev'ry heart
With public cares is warm'd; thy merchants hence,
Illuſtrious city, thou doſt raiſe to fame:
How many names of glory may'ſt thou trace
From earlieſt annals down to * BARNARD's times!
And, O! if like that eloquence divine,
Which forth for Commerce, for Britannia's rights,

And

* Sir John Barnard, an alderman, and lord mayor of London in 1737, and part of 1738, and member of parliament for that city.

And her inſulted majeſty he pour'd,
Theſe humble meaſures flow'd, then too thy walls
Might undiſgrac'd reſound thy poet's name,
Who now all fearful to thy praiſe attunes
His lyre, and pays his grateful Song to thee
Thy votary, O Commerce! gracious pow'r!
Continue ſtill to hear my vows, and bleſs
My honourable induſtry, which courts
No other ſmile but thine; for thou alone
Can'ſt wealth beſtow with independence crown'd:
Nor yet exclude contemplative repoſe,
But to my dwelling grant the ſolemn calm
Of learned leiſure, never to reject
The viſitation of the tuneful maids,
Who ſeldom deign to leave their ſacred haunts,
And grace a mortal manſion; thou divide
With them my labours; pleaſure I reſign,
And, all devoted to my midnight lamp,
Ev'n now, when Albion o'er the foamy breaſt
Of groaning Tethys ſpreads its threat'ning fleets,
I graſp the ſounding ſhell, prepar'd to ſing
That hero's valour, who ſhall beſt confound
His injur'd country's foes: ev'n now I feel
Celeſtial fires deſcending on my breaſt,

Which

Which prompt thy daring ſuppliant to explore,
Why, though deriv'd from Neptune, though rever'd
Among the nations, by the Gods endow'd,
Thou never yet from eldeſt times haſt found
One permanent abode, why, oft expell'd
Thy favour'd ſeats, from clime to clime haſt borne
Thy wand'ring ſteps, why LONDON late hath ſeen
(Thy lov'd, thy laſt retreat) deſponding care
O'ercloud thy brow: O liſten, while the Muſe,
Th' immortal progeny of Jove, unfolds
The fatal cauſe. What Time in Nyſa's cave
Th' ethereal train in honour to thy ſire
Show'r'd on thy birth their blended gifts, the pow'r
Of war was abſent; hence, unbleſs'd by Mars
Thy ſons relinquiſh'd arms, on other arts
Intent, and ſtill to mercenary hands
The ſword entruſting, vainly deem'd, that wealth
Could purchaſe laſting ſafety, and protect
Unwarlike freedom; hence the Alps in vain
Were paſs'd, their long-impenetrable ſnows
And dreary torrents; ſwoln with Roman dead,
Aſtoniſh'd 27 Trebia overflow'd its banks
In

27 Trebia, Traſimenus lacus, and Cannæ, famous for the victories gain'd by Annibal over the Romans.

In vain, and deep-dy'd Traſimenus roll'd
Its crimſon waters; Cannæ's ſignal day
The fame alone of great Amilcar's ſon
Enlarg'd, while ſtill undiſciplin'd, diſmay'd,
Her head commercial Carthage bow'd at laſt
To military Rome: th' unalter'd will
Of heav'n in ev'ry climate hath ordain'd,
And ev'ry age, that empire ſhall attend
The ſword, and Steel ſhall ever conquer gold.
Then from thy ſuff'rings learn; th' auſpicious hour
Now ſmiles; our wary magiſtrates have arm'd
Our hands; thou, Goddeſs, animate our breaſts
To caſt inglorious indolence aſide,
That once again, in bright battalions rang'd,
Our thouſands and ten thouſands may be ſeen
Their country's only rampart, and the dread
Of wild ambition. Mark the Swediſh hind;
He, on his native ſoil ſhould danger lour,
Soon from the entrails of the duſky mine
Would riſe to arms; and other fields and chiefs
With 28 Helſingburgh and Steinboch ſoon would ſhare

D

28 Helſingburgh, a ſmall town in Schonen, celebrated for the victory, which count Steinboch gained over the Danes with an army, for the moſt part compoſed of Swediſh peaſants, who had never ſeen an enemy before; it is remarkable, that the defeated troops was as compleat a body of regular forces, as any in all Europe.

The admiration of the northern world:
Helvetia's hills behold, th' aërial ſeat
Of long-ſupported Liberty, who thence,
Securely reſting on her faithful ſhield,
The warriour's corſelet flaming on her breaſt,
Looks down with ſcorn on ſpacious realms, which groan
In ſervitude around her, and, her ſword
With dauntleſs ſkill high-brandiſhing, defies
The Auſtrian eagle, and imperious Gaul:
And O could thoſe ill-fated ſhades ariſe,
Whoſe valiant ranks along th' enſanguin'd duſt
Of 29 Newbury lay crouded, they could tell,
How their long-matchleſs cavalry, ſo oft
O'er hills of ſlain by ardent RUPERT led,
Whoſe dreaded ſtandard victory had wav'd,
Till then triumphant, there with nobleſt blood
From

29 The London trained bands, and auxiliary regiments (of whoſe inexperience of danger, or any kind of ſervice, beyond the eaſy practice of their poſtures in the artillery garden, men had till then too cheap an eſtimation) behaved themſelves to wonder; and were, in truth, the preſervation of that army that day. For they ſtood as a bulwark and rampire to defend the reſt; and when their wings of horſe were ſcattered and diſperſed, kept their ground ſo ſteadily, that though prince Rupert himſelf lead up the choice horſe to charge them, and endured their ſtorm of ſmall ſhot, he could make no impreſſion on their ſtand of pikes; but was forced to wheel about. Clarend. book 7. pag. 347

From their gor'd ſquadrons dy'd the reſtive ſpear,
Of London's firm militia, and reſign'd
The well-diſputed field: then, Goddeſs, ſay,
Shall we be now more timid, when behold,
The blackning ſtorm now gathers round our heads,
And England's angry genius ſounds to arms?
For thee, remember, is the banner ſpread,
The naval tow'r to vindicate thy rights
Will ſweep the curling foam, the thund'ring bomb
Will roar, and ſtartle in their deepeſt grots
Old Nereus' daughter, with combuſtion ſtor'd
For thee our dire volcano's of the main,
Impregnated with horrour, ſoon will pour
Their flaming ruin round each hoſtile fleet;
Thou then, great Goddeſs, ſummon all thy pow'rs,
Arm all thy ſons, thy vaſſals, ev'ry heart
Inflame: and you, ye fear-diſclaiming race,
Ye mariners of Britain, choſen train
Of Liberty and Commerce, now no more
Secrete your gen'rous valour; hear the call
Of injur'd Albion; to her foes preſent
Thoſe daring boſoms, which alike diſdain
The death-diſploding cannon, and the rage
Of warring tempeſts, mingling in their ſtrife
The ſeas and clouds: though long, in ſilence huſh'd
Hath ſlept the Britiſh thunder; though the pride
Of weak Iberia hath forgot the roar;

Soon

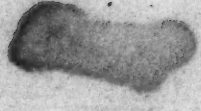
Soon ſhall her ancient terrours be recall'd,
When your victorious ſhouts affright her ſhores:
None now ignobly will your warmth reſtrain,
Nor hazard more indignant valour's curſe,
Their country's wrath, and time's eternal ſcorn;
Then bid the furies of Bellona wake,
And ſilver-mantled Peace with welcome ſteps,
Anon ſhall viſit your triumphant iſle.
And that perpetual ſafety may poſſeſs
Our joyous fields, thou, genius, who preſid'ſt
O'er this illuſtrious city, teach her ſons
To wield the noble inſtruments of war;
And let the great example ſoon extend
Through ev'ry province, till Britannia ſees
Her docile millions fill the martial plain.
Then, whatſoe'er our terrours now ſuggeſt
Of deſolation and th' invading ſword,
Though with his maſſy trident Neptune heav'd
A new-born iſthmus from the Britiſh deep,
And to its parent continent rejoin'd
Our chalky ſhore; though Mahomet could league
His pow'rful creſcent with the hoſtile Gaul,
And that new * Cyrus of the conquer'd eaſt,
Who now in trembling vaſſalage unites

The

* Thamas Kouli Kan, Sophi of Perſia, who lately conquered the Great Mogul.

The Ganges and Euphrates, could advance
With his auxiliar hoſt; our warlike youth
With 30 equal numbers, and with keener zeal
For children, parents, friends, for England fir'd,
Her fertile glebe, her wealthy towns, her laws,
Her liberty, her honour, ſhould ſuſtain
The dreadful onſet, and reſiſtleſs break
Th' immenſe array: thus ev'n the lighteſt thought
E'er to invade Britannia's calm repoſe
Muſt die the moment, that auſpicious Mars
Her ſons ſhall bleſs with diſcipline and arms;
That exil'd race, in ſuperſtition nurs'd,
The ſervile pupils of tyrannic Rome,
With diſtant gaze deſpairing ſhall behold
The guarded ſplendors of Britannia's crown;
Still from their abdicated ſway eſtrang'd,
With all th' attendance on deſpotick thrones,
Prieſts, ignorance, and bonds; with watchful ſtep
Gigantick Terrour, ſtriding round our coaſt,
Shall ſhake his gorgon ægis, and the hearts
Of proudeſt kings appal; to other ſhores
Our angry fleets, when inſolence and wrongs
To

30 If the computation, which allots near two millions of fighting men to this kingdom, may be relied on; it is not eaſy to conceive, how the united force of the whole world could aſſemble together, and ſubſiſt in an enemy's country greater numbers, than they would find oppoſed to them here.

To arms awaken our vindictive pow'r,
Shall bear the hideous waste of ruthless war;
But liberty, security, and fame
Shall dwell for ever on our chosen plains.

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